

# ally Sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

Vol. VIII.—No. 391.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1891.

[ONE PENNY.]



## SLOPER SEEKS ADVICE.

"The commencement of the Michaelmas Law Sittings was marked by a very peculiar application made by Poor Papa before one of the Judges in the Court of Queen's Bench. Papa, and with him Alexandry, asked whether, if one gentleman called another a 'Measly and Moth Eaten Specimen of Unsweetened Humanity,' the gentleman so called would be justified, in point of law, in bluchering the gentleman who had thus addressed him, and, if so, whether, in regard to his having a two cold with him afterwards, it would in any way affect his right (George IV., Cap. 3, Sect. 99) in bringing an action for damages?"—TOOTSIE.

## A FISHING ADVENTURE.



1. After four hours of weary waiting, Cobbler has at last got a bite. To strike was the work of an instant, and our hero was about to land his capture, when a large Newfoundland dog, that had been—



2. Loafing round the locality, sprang into the water and seized the fish in his mouth. A struggle ensued, but the dog would not be denied, and, finally, Cobbler was dragged into the water, and—



3. The dog went sailing down the stream, fish in mouth, and dragging rod and line after him. Cobbler, when he goes fishing now, carries a revolver with him, and woe betide any dog that comes within its range.

## THE NECKLACE.

THE Countess de la Motte-Valois was a pretty and unscrupulous woman, twenty-six years of age.

The Cardinal de Rohan, a Prince of the Church and of the Holy Roman Empire, Grand Almoner of France, Landgrave of Alsace and Commander of the Order of the Holy Ghost, was a man of bad reputation and a friend of the adventuress above named, and had supplied her with some large sums of money.

One day, in January, 1785, the Cardinal called at the shop of a jeweller, of Paris, Monsieur Boehmer, to look at some jewels, and was shown a diamond necklace, valued at £120,000. He said he thought he could find them a customer for it, whose name, however, he would not mention. In a few days he offered to buy it and to pay the price in instalments, and paid one down—the first. He also showed them a paper, authorizing the transaction, and signed, "Marie Antoinette de France." The signature was a forgery, and the Cardinal the victim of a plot to steal the diamonds.

Madame de la Motte had, indeed, persuaded him that the Queen desired to obtain the necklace (which had several times been offered to her by the jeweller) without the knowledge of the King. The Cardinal was in disgrace at Court, but he had conceived a passion for the Queen. Madame de la Motte assured him that his love was returned, and that this was his chance. She even planned a secret interview

at night in the Palace Gardens, at which he, as he thought, kissed the Queen's hand; but the hand was that of a person calling herself the Baroness d'Oliva, and a male companion of hers, called Villetti, it was who forged the Queen's name.

For a while all was quiet. The Cardinal intrusted De la Motte with the necklace to give to the Queen, and she and her husband at once loosened and began to sell the diamonds. One day, however, it suddenly came to the jeweller's knowledge that the necklace was not in Her Majesty's possession. He was frightened out of his wits, and told all he knew to the King. The Cardinal, as he came from preaching a sermon before the Court, was arrested and thrown into the Bastille. He was tried for his share in the transaction, but acquitted, amidst the cheers of the populace, who believed the Queen to be guilty. Oliva was also acquitted, and Villetti transported.

For the Countess de la Motte was reserved the severest punishment. She was flogged with rods and branded on each shoulder with a hot iron. She shrieked and struggled like a mad woman. She was then condemned to imprisonment for life, but, after two years' imprisonment, escaped and joined her husband, who, in London, was squandering what was left of the spoil. Her end was ugly enough. In a drunken debauch she was thrown out of window and killed. Her husband subsequently begged his bread in Paris, and the Cardinal reluctantly enough paid the jeweller's bill.

"Good old Cardinal!" murmured the Cerulean Orbed Object. Then William stamped on his head.

(Next week, "The Nightgown.")

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Do not inclose loose stamps.

Thank you, ARTHUR ELLWOOD, thank you, you're the sort of man we like; What a lot of nonsense, CHATHAM, all the staff would go on strike. Is it likely, E. F. SOMERS? not for Joseph. C. H. DAY; It's a good suggestion, ARNOLD, but we doubt if it would pay. Drury Lane is larger, CORDEN; thank you for your letter, TIM. It is far too long, old chappie, otherwise we'd put it in. We are not in want of sketches, DRAUGHTSMAN, at the present time; There you're wrong, FRED, altogether, SLOPER always pays the fine. You'd be wiser, BOWRING, if you'd take professional advice; We're not having any, BERTRAM; thank you muchly. ARTHUR PRICE. BILLY'S LITTLE JOKE is pointless; thank you for your cutting, RUTH; Don't be silly, ARTHUR BESTOR, how could he divine the truth? You were swindled, EDWARD CARNIE, it is but a penny fare; We'd accept your verses, TOMLIN, but we have no space to spare.

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## JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

"It's all very well crying down marriage," observed a bachelor, "but the fact is, it all depends upon the sort of woman you choose for your wife." "What sort of woman would you choose?" asked a benedict. "Why, a woman of prepossessing appearance, in good bodily health, able to take care of herself, not afraid to work, a good cook and nurse, and with sound common sense." "Ah! but that's just the sort of woman who wouldn't marry you," responded the married man.

"WHAT a lovely romantic scene. That must be a sweet young damselkin up there, kissing her hand to her departing 'lover.' Kissing her hand, you second hand blitherite—why, she's only gnawing off the odd bits of crust sticking to the rim of the empty apple pie dish. Ga long."

"THE attachment of the dog to man is very remarkable," said Jones. "Especially the bull-dog," chimed in Smith. "Ah, indeed!" said Jones, "more so than the Newfoundland or retriever?" "Oh, yes!" answered Smith; "if once a bull-dog gets attached to a man, nothing will make him leave go, excepting his tail."

WHEN the russet leaves are flying,  
Branches bare on brown grass lying,  
And the autumn winds are sighing,  
Telling us a year is dying—  
Birds they fly away,  
Tuneless are the groves and hedges,  
No low twitt'ring in the sedges;  
But there's chirping in the ledges,  
Chatterings on the chimney edges—  
For the sparrows stay!

"POOR girl, she's quite undermined her constitution with over exercise. You see, she's working up to be a School Board school-mistress, and she's quite worn herself out with practising with a cane on a second-hand antimacassar. 'Spare the rod and spoil the child,' is her motto, and she means to do it, too. Why, she actually gave up her Charles James 'cos he wouldn't let her practise a few fancy cuts over him. The world is hard on the energetic, isn't it?"

"BUT what is your objection to Mr. Elder, my dear?" asked a diplomatic father. "He is not so very old, and will live for many years yet." "That's just my objection to him, papa," replied his wideawake daughter.

"COMMON low down piece o' goods—yard of six to a 'alfpenny take she is. Why, she don't know what it is to have a pair o' socks in a blessed blue moon. She lives up Hampstead Ponds way, don'tcherknow? and the other day her black cottons was that darned that a young 'un who was going by, and saw 'em hanging out to dry, mistook 'em for small fishing nets and orfled with 'em to go out on the stuckle back catching lay. Lor! there ain't a tablespoonful o' fishin' in the whole bag o' tricks."



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.  
No. 391.—The "Princess Danrong" Costume.



NO, NO!  
"They say old Mrs. Gripples is an octogenarian." "Is she? More shame for her, at her time of life."



"COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD."



First Child. My father's got a hundred pounds, see!  
Second Child (triumphantly). My father owes a thousand pounds, see!



Tramp. No broken wittles, thanks ye. The price o' a drop o' gin will suit me better. Ye see, if I gits too fat, my trade as a starvin' tramp's done for.



The comely young gentleman who sings "The Cocker's Serenade," with music.

MUSICAL honeypots is the latest card going in the society lay. "Still," said the Old 'Un, with a sigh like a penny whistle with a chunk of soap stuck in it, "I wish they wouldn't play them chords so sharp and sudden like, and I wish, too, they'd drive them tin-tacks further into the carpet. I'm not particularly overweight; still I don't care to have quite so many nails stuck into me as a secondhand coffin-lid."

"POOR man, he was weak, indeed, after that long, long, sad illness. To have moved him suddenly would have killed him in a brace of shakes. When they gave him his breakfast they had to put his head on a lump of baker's dough, and have a cove standing each side of that dough with a red-hot poker close against it. The heat made the dough rise, and the rising dough lifted his head, oh! so gentle like, and thus he could take his cup of coffee like a boiled angel. It's wonderful what science does nowadays. Why, I know a covey who had a— and then yet another Ananias had his cranium stroked with the nearest pint pot handy."

WITHIN a hammock snug they sat;  
But how the two behaved  
One could not tell, it was so dark,  
Had it not been for the remark—  
"Oh, George, you must get shaved!"

SLOPER is rolling in a sort of comparative affluence just at this particular moment. "Yet," says the dear old sniffer-packer, "I remember the time well when I thought it quite a luxury to put a Hanover Jack in the pen'north of pea soup, and work it round and round so that I could have something like a sort of millionaire taste behind my waistcoat. Times are changed, ain't they? I'm quite ready to put 1d. towards my threepenn'orth hot this journey."

## At Sloper's Island Railway Station.

Pretty Girl (in carriage, to little brother on platform). Now, get away from the train, Johnny. If it was to go on now, you would be run over and killed, and then I shouldn't bring you to-morrow morning to see me off.

[And then she wondered what the silly men were all giggling at.]

"WHAT is your umpire's name?" inquired a stranger. "Morris." "Does he know much about football?" "No," said the captain of Sloper's Island Eleven; "just about enough to act as umpire, that's all."

"OH, do look at this copy of Sir Joshua Reynolds' 'Heads of Angels'!" said an enthusiastic Art amateur. "Isn't it exquisite? Ain't they just like angels, doctor?" "I don't know, I'm sure," said the doctor. "I never saw one; but I should consider any child whose lips were as red as those very close handy to it."

HE came home lateish; he came home shakish. He was not all there and to spare, by any means. And then he took up the simple tumbler of commerce off the washstand, and that hot and only temperance drink might have pulled him together. But we never knew a man yet who got the better from swallowing his wife's false teeth. "Beetroot sugar in the cold Irish never meltsh when it ought to." And, when at last he fell asleep, he dreamed that he had buttoned his waistcoat clean inside his diaphragm, and a tame hedgehog was trying to get out through the buttonholes.

In the heyday of youth we were merry and glad,  
Our thoughts and our lives bore the hall-mark of truth,  
Our lexicon held no such strange word as "sad,"  
In the heyday of youth.

We let the world wag with indifference, forsooth,  
We heeded no fights of the Tory and Rad,  
And recked not of creditors—creatures uncouth!

What health and what freedom from worry we had,  
It troubled us not to be jilted by Ruth;  
Ah, life was worth living (we mournfully add)  
In the heyday of youth!

"It's a bally shame that, when they give you an order for the upper boxes at the 'Friv,' they should always have it on cardboard, instead of the good old green paper!" "And why so, my darling blitherite?" said she. "'Cos it looks so confounded small when you've mixed it up with half a dozen leaving-shop tickets, and you hand in one of them, and they give you the patent chuck out instead of the front row and programme, 'no fees.'"

Going up in the Sloper's Island Express, which stops twice at, and twice between, every station.

Boozer. What was that you were saying, old man?

Old Man. Why, Teddy was saying that he saw a white sparrow this morning as he came down to the train.

Boozer. A white sparrow? That's nothing! Why, the night before last I saw a blue cat, three red snakes, and any amount of pink rats and yellow beetles.

A CONTEMPORARY informs its readers that the Annamese have a gold coin of the value of £45, called a loof. That is a coin that few of us would desire to keep aloof from.

"I'VE got the sack," said Spoflins. "What have you been doing?" inquired Brown. "Nothing," replied Spoflins. "No wonder you got discharged, then," said Brown.

ALEXANDRY would like to know how it is that the girls get tanned by the sun, while the boys get tanned by the father.

Young Sharpshins. What's the meaning of this, dad—(reads)—

"She waited with bated breath for her lover to come!"

Old Sharpshins. I suppose she'd been eating caucous to make her breath smell sweet, as a bait for her lover to kiss her.

THE English bookmakers at Boulogne and Calais have been ordered to quit French soil. It is uncertain where they will settle next. SLOPER imagines the disconsolate bookies singing in the following strain:—

Oh, where shall we find a better land,  
Since Froggy upon us has set his brand?  
Though we caught the "flats" in the past with our tips,  
Our fortunes are certainly under eclipse.  
Since England is dangerous, France so-so,  
The betting brigade must to Jericho go—  
Yes, there, yes, there, my friends!

"WHAT, Mr. Cantwell!" exclaimed Pugly, on the jetty. "Well, I never expected to see you here, and looking through an opera glass at the girls bathing. Oh, fie, fie!" "Nay, nay, my young friend," answered the Rev. Mr. Cantwell, "you misjudge me. The truth is, that in my discourse last Sabbath day, I warned my congregation against the vanities of—er—er—fashionable bathing costumes, and I was desirous of ascertaining whether the ewe lambs of my flock profited by my words of warning."

"SOMEBODY loves me, somebody does," said the sweet young pet and to spare as she did a scramble over the ivories of the let-on-lire-and-pay-off-at-five-bob-the-month double grand. "Somebody loves me," sang she. And then came in her dear ma, and said, sweetly, "Juliana, why can't you leave off that there, and let the scissors grinder, who's outside, have half a chance? Cats with the croup ain't in it. It's enough to turn the lid of a condensed milk can as sour as a halfpenny plate of mixed piccalilli. If I hadn't got them iron's a-waiting I'd give you such a oner as would make your squeaking put a cat that's swallowed its skewer into the second floor parlour background, I can tell you. Drat it!"





"What an exceedingly selfish person you are, Mr. Tomkins, to complain of its being rough; it never affects me!"



*Lady.* Life must be miserable without genius.  
*Herr Trumpmann.* That is true. I could not live without it.



**UP FOR THE EXHIBITION.**  
*Wife.* There, dear, look at that!—"All clothing reduced."  
*Husband.* That be no good to me; I wants my clothes enlarged.



"Who was the male man thing who regretted having no more worlds to conquer, Alexander, was it not? Well, I feel just like him, dear, and the reason is that I have been foolish enough to marry."—*Extract from Letter of Young Lady.*

\* Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.  
**TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.**



No. 205.—MISS MADGE MERRYWEATHER.  
"How I love her none can tell."  
"Oh, love! dear love, be true."  
"This heart is only thine."

—The Dook Snook.  
—Lord Bob.  
—The Hon. Billy.

### DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—PRINCE BISMARCK.



"My dear Prince,—Although you say you have nothing whatever to do, and can well spare the time to run over here to be interviewed, I won't give you the trouble, but will come to you." Thus wrote the Eminent. The fact was he wanted to get away from Fleet Street for a little time. It was getting a bit too thick with the boys, and he had felt a twinge or two of gout in the toes, so thought a course of lager beer would be beneficial. Besides, A. SLOPER had always taken an interest in the Fatherland, having reason to believe his ancestors were originally made in Germany. (1). Witness Baron Von Sloper in the National Portrait Gallery.—(2). There was also a Sloper who fought at Waterloo, who had the distinguishing mark stamped on his visage. The Venerable Chancellor was in his garden and smilingly advanced to meet the P.O.M.—(3). Who at once dropped on one knee and presented him with a

Sloper pipe. "This is kind!" cried Prince Bismarck, delighted. "A slight token of my esteem, Prince."—(4). A. SLOPER declares he shall never forget the placid enjoyment depicted on Bismarck's face as he puffed at the little present. "I presume, Prince, you are in uniform ready to keep watch on Lor-Rhine—I mean Lorraine, not to mention Alsace. And now to business! I may take it that at the commencement of your career you had the usual infantile maladies, and that you cut your teeth in the usual manner?" (In consequence of the pressure brought to bear on A. SLOPER by the German Ambassador, the particulars of the interview are unavoidably omitted.)—(5). The Wreck is still in the Happy Fatherland. A student, whom he had previously met at the German Exhibition, is showing him about. He finds that the lager regime is doing him a world of good. He feels a new man already.

### THE PRICKLY POLLYWOGS OVERGROW THE ELDER'S GARDEN.



(1). "McMoor," said the Laird, "Isn't he a fine specimen of the common or Scotch garden fungus, wallowing in his measly mire?"



(2). "Fungus or no fungus," roared the Elder; "how dae ye like the common or garden caldrons?"



(3). And continued, "Gang hame, duckies, and exhibit yerselves as bally old goosberries."



GERMAN EXHIBITION.

"Die Wacht am Rhein."



PENNY SAVINGS BANK

The abolished fees.



2 1/2 lbs. for 6 d.

BOTHERING "BUNG"



WE WANT TWELVE OURS A DAY!

ONE DAY OFF A MONTH!

AND A SUNDAY OFF EVERY FORTNIGHT!



The Dairy Farm.



"Marriage or Death?"



Snible for ble Strard

OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

Up to date as usual, ladies and gentlemen, everything complete and ready as of yore. Sensational news is scarce, 'tis true, but I, not being a wizard, magician or Mahatmaean, cannot invent catastrophe, etc., for my own especial benefit. On we go:—The London Germans all forlorn, Their exhibition's closing, mourn:—All parents now, with greatest ease, Can save up all their children's fees:—A weekly paper, weight, three pounds, Must surely Londoners astound:—Although he's innocent of

wrong, The Union comes down hard on Bung:—For cheese, my boys, give hearty cheer, Her Grace is pleased with it, 'tis clear:—The daring Pickett's soul's on fire With love for Miss M. Macintyre:—If the Strand Tories choose the son, For them the seat's as good as won:—Poor old Bung, everyone seems down upon him at the present moment. County Council and Unions alike. Well, he has my warmest sympathies, if they are of any use to him.—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.



DIFFERENT POINTS OF VIEW.

Spilkins saw at a glance that the new housemaid would do admirably. His mother-in-law, who has come up to stay for a day or two (?), takes just as long to decide that she is much too young and inexperienced.



"It is all off between the heiress and myself—you know whom I mean—and all through a cursed parrot. My suit was progressing splendidly; in fact, the other day I was on the point of placing my hand and heart at her disposal, when I heard a voice softly murmur 'Kiss me.' I started, as the heiress and myself were the only occupants of the room. Again was the request repeated. I sprang to my feet, seized my heiress round the waist, and was about to imprint a kiss upon her lovely lips, in obedience to her commands, as I thought, when she shrieked, and her father appearing at the moment, I was ignominiously chucked from the house. I heard afterwards that it was the parrot's voice I heard."—Extract from Letter of our Boon Companion.



Free education for the rising generation according to Sunday evening in Hyde Park.



Robert, 'Ave you something nice to eat, dear? Cook (jealous). Not me; go and ask Susan, the nursemaid, she may lend you the baby's bottle to satisfy your hunger with.



A YOUNG LADY WHO IS BY NO MEANS SPOTLESS.

## ALLY-CAMPANE.

A. SLOPER is not, and never has been, much of a politician. He meddled in politics once and left the discussion hall with a black eye and a fixed determination never to do so again. Nevertheless, he feels he should be wanting in respect to the memory of the brilliant Irishman who has so suddenly been taken from us were he to pass over the death of Charles Stewart Parnell without a word of regret. A true patriot, and undoubtedly the greatest Irishman of his generation, his country may well mourn for him; and in the avalanche of tears, A. SLOPER begs leave to mingle his own. They are but as a few raindrops in the ocean, but they have the merit of sincerity.



ALEXANDRY is anxious to know whether Mr. Andrew Laing is any relation to the gentleman as composed "Auld Lang Syne." Oh, the sweet simplicity of childhood's more or less happy days!

THE Charity Organization Society in their report of an inquiry on "The Homeless Poor of London" make the deplorable statement that "not less than one-fourth or one-fifth of the whole class of destitute homeless people in London are old soldiers and Army Reserve men." A man, who has fought and bled for his country, in A. SLOPER'S opinion, should not be left to beg or starve.

FROM minute observation during the Up River Season, now entirely over, of the habits of the Cockney Excursionist, we have come to the conclusion that earth possesses for him no greater joy, no purer delight, than the cremation, for the purpose of kettle boiling, of the "Strictly Private, No landing allowed," board with which riparian land owners do dearly love to decorate their property.

IT behoves us all to be very careful in this world, or even our most innocent actions may be misunderstood. The other day, while hurrying along the Strand, the Eminent happened to stop immediately in front of one of the prettiest of the pretty flower-girls that frequent that locality; the result was exceedingly painful, as the Bald-headed One found out, for when he again urged on his wild career, he was aided by an iron shod eleven foot, wielded by a stalwart navvy, who claimed a fraternal relationship with the girl. All that A. SLOPER did, was to clasp her round the waist once, chuck her under the chin twice and kiss her three times.

No wonder they are doing big business at English's, late Belmont's New Sebright Temple of Varieties, as ALLY found out when he meandered into that place of amusement on the evening of Friday, October 9th. The bill put before English's patrons every night is strong enough to fill a house double the size; but, then, George knows a thing or two, so, by-the-way, do the festive Stage Manager, T. C. Glenville, F.O.S., and the evergreen conductor John S. Baker.

THE rumour that A. SLOPER has been specially commissioned by Mrs. Besant to proceed to Tibet to inquire into the mysteries that surround that hitherto unexplored country is devoid of foundation. After a consultation with the Archbishop of Canterbury and a few other church dignitaries, A. SLOPER has decided to steer clear of Theosophy altogether.

WHAT the Eminent would like to know is whether when he shuffles off this mortal coil, will he be laid out in state, and will the honour of a public funeral be conferred upon him? Mrs. Sloper sneers at the idea, and sarcastically alludes to the dust cart and an egg box as suitable receptacles for the remains of the one and only SLOPER.

GEORGE ALEXANDER AND COMPANY, having returned to the metropolis, *The Idler*, in conjunction with a romantic little play, entitled *Molière*, again fills the nightly bill at the St. James' Theatre, and with every probability of remaining there until Christmas. Of the merit of *The Idler* we need not dilate, and we can add nothing to our remarks previously made in these columns on this excellent piece, excepting to say that in the present revival we can see no deterioration either in the interpretation or the staging of the play.

Upon *Molière* we have nothing but praise to bestow, and it is a feather in the cap of the St. James' management that they have been enabled to secure a piece of sufficient excellence to induce the audience to remain seated after witnessing a play of such sterling merit as *The Idler*. George Alexander and Marion Terry take part in both pieces, and the respective characters allotted to them are rendered in a manner which does them both great credit.



THE third of the excellent series of Cinderella Dances under the direction of that celebrated instructor of the Terpsichorean art, Mr. R. M. Crompton, will take place at the Portman Rooms this day, Saturday, 24th. Mr. Crompton, not only instructs the novices in the mysteries of the "light fantastic," and polishes up the waltzing of persons whose education in that direction has been somewhat, though not entirely, neglected, but he earns much oaf and undying fame by instructing a large and increasing number of pupils in the art of stage dancing; and many a dainty performer, who is at the present time delighting music hall habitués by her dainty dancing and petticoats has reason to be grateful to Mr. Crompton for his excellent tuition.



WE find, from a contemporary devoted to the interests of the fair sex, that "ladies' evening bodices will be cut lower than ever this winter." Well, well, we live and learn, but we didn't think there was room for much improvement in that direction.

IN another week or two, that stupid, useless, expensive, but time-honoured institution, the Lord Mayor's Show, will take place. All the old and dirty bunting that can be discovered will be hung out to flutter in the breeze, the most important thoroughfares will be blocked for the greater part of the day, and the streets will swarm with country cousins and pickpockets. There is great rejoicing in brave little Wales over the election of Mr. Evans, who, if he only makes half as good a Chief Magistrate as his enthusiastic countryman would have us believe, will be the best Lord Mayor since the days of Whittington.

A SPLENDID Fruit Show, comprising exhibits of grapes, apples, pears, and also vegetables and autumn flowers, was held at the Royal Aquarium last week, and met with great success, attracting vast numbers of spectators to this well conducted place of entertainment. Some splendid specimens of English fruit were on exhibition, and if these represented our average produce, Englishmen need not trouble foreign markets much for their fruit supply.

THE Long Vacation is at an end, and the various limbs of the law are rapidly returning to their accustomed haunts. The Temple has once again resumed its normal appearance, and the eyes of the little crowd of loafing gapers, always to be seen in the vicinity of the Law Courts, will again be gladdened by the occasional, but evidently to them deeply interesting, spectacle of a junior member of the bar hurrying across the road wearing a wig and gown and a look of importance which might be effective were it not so terribly exaggerated. Many of the judges, who have been so busy enjoying themselves that they haven't known what it is to snatch a quiet afternoon nap, have come back determined to make up for lost time; eminent Q.C.s are once again ready to do battle with each other; whilst the saline breezes have softened the voices of the ushers, who will, for a period, proclaim "Silence!" in tones more musical than before.

"ONE good kick deserves another," as A. SLOPER observed, the other night, while trying to rub off the effects of the chucker's boots at the "Blue Pig."

MORE ructions in Russia. Another plot against the life of the Czar discovered, with the usual result, viz., numerous arrests. Siberia is a large place, and these repeated attempts at assassination can but, as far as the would-be murderers are concerned, end in life long imprisonment in that horrible country. When will the Russian people learn that violence on their part only means the defeat of the oppressed and the victory of the oppressors.

THE question of "What to do with our daughters" has been solved by an advertisement in the *Daily Telegraph*, which runs as follows:—"A nursery governess Wanted. Two little girls, 10 and 5. Entire charge. Good needlewoman. French or German not objected to. £10." Yes, the munificent sum of £10 a year is offered as salary. What liberality—what generosity! Think of it, girls, and be happy in the thought that at least one family in the world appreciates your merits and worth.

THE Mildewed Fabric has very wisely conferred the "Sloper Award of Merit" upon EDWARD I. LOYD, because he knows how to warble. "I've often thought, feyther," chirruped the Blue Eyed Chorister, "when, with tears in my heyes, I've sat a-listening to Hedward singing 'Come into the garden, Maud,' what a ghastly pity it is you ain't got more music in your soul." Later on, the passer-by, had he tarried outside the portals of Mildew Court, might have heard squeals with a slipper accompaniment.

PERHAPS the highest altitude of snobbishness was attained by a clergyman who preached at Deal a few Sundays ago on the subject of Free Education. "I call upon all you churchmen," said this divine, "I call upon all you churchmen, and all you church—er—ladies to endeavour to," etc., etc. It is more from motives of pity than anything else that we refrain from making public the name of the man whom Fate has made a minister, but who was evidently intended by Nature for a "bus conductor."

A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.  
A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 31ST, 1891.

**25th October, 1415.**—On this, St. Crispin's Day, the Battle of Agincourt was fought. Henry V. of England, in sore distress and difficulty, with less than 10,000 men, defeated six times that number of Frenchmen. The English were suffering from the want of food and from disease. On the French side, 10,000 were killed and 14,000 made prisoners. On the English side, the highest estimate is 1,600 killed and wounded. Agincourt was indeed "a glorious victory."

"Upon St. Crispin's Day,  
Fought was this noble fray;  
Which fame did not delay  
To England to carry.  
Oh! when shall Englishmen  
With such acts fill a pen,  
Or England breed again  
Such a King Harry?"

**26th October, 1725.**—The streets of London and Westminster, being very much infested by robbers, orders were this day sent to the magistrates to endeavour to apprehend such felons and suppress the night houses where they were harboured; and a reward of forty pounds was promised for apprehending any felon returned from transportation, these being the most desperate and barbarous of the street robbers. They were also required to suppress gaming houses and gin shops, where "idle and pilfering people" resorted.

**27th October, 1834.**—Raikes reports, under this date, the trial of two French duellists, Vadebant and Lethuillier. The principal, Vadebant, was sentenced to ten years' solitary confinement, it being proved that he had fired on his adversary before he was prepared for it, in a treacherous attempt to murder him.

**28th October, 1823.**—Captain Parry this day arrived off Shetland from his exploratory voyage to the Polar Regions. He had failed in the chief object of the expedition, and, owing to the unhappy selection of his course, did not even get as far west by twenty, nor north by ten degrees, as on his former voyage. Five men were lost by illness and accidents during the voyage.

**29th October, 1660.**—"Going to London," says Evelyn, this day, "My Lord Maior's Show stopp'd me in Cheapside; one of the Pageants represented a greave Wood, with the Royal Oake and historie of his Majesty's miraculous escape at Boscobel."

**30th October, 1666.**—"To London," says Evelyn this day, "to our office, and now had I on the vest and surcoat, or tunic, as 'twas call'd, after his Majesty had brought the whole Court to it. It was a comely and manly habit, too good to hold, it being impossible for us in good earnest to leave the Monsieur's vanities long."

**31st October, 1722.**—Christopher Layer, Esq., a young gentleman of the Temple, being arraigned at the King's Bench bar for high treason, requested to have his irons taken off before he pleaded, saying he was so loaded, it was extremely painful to him, and he desired to have the free use of his reason, which was impossible in his present sufferings. The court answered that, as to his chains, it must be left to those to whom the custody of him had been committed, but when he came to his trial they should be taken off. *He was tried three weeks later and convicted, but of the irons no further mention is made.*

## AN INCIDENT.

SNOWY day,  
Slushy street,  
Man and maid  
At corner meet.  
As she bows,  
Down she goes,  
Down his stick  
The guardman throws.  
Arms encircle  
Slender waist,  
Maiden on her  
Feet in haste.  
Takes her home:  
Engagement soon.  
Wedding? Just a bit,  
And honeymoon.

## A BAD SHOT.

"DINNER, as at home," advertises the proprietor of a Bishops-gate Street eating-house. Poor, deluded mortal, is *this* his idea of recommending his establishment to the passing clerk? Verily it would seem so. The sad-eyed man, passing along that way, pauses and reads the sign—"Dinner, as at home." And then he pauses and reflects upon the invitation. What does it mean? Sunday's half-shoulder of mutton, dished up cold all the remainder of the week: a half-pint of long deceased pale ale, served in a semi-opaque tumbler, which originally came into the house full of Ought and Crosses's marmalade; a three-pronged steel fork, fondly reminiscent of the matutinal kipper: a bottle, with all the onions that once predominated in a piccalilli; and no top to the pepper castor. "Dinner, as at home." Great Scott!

## AN ILL OMEN.

DOWN in a gloriously rural old bit of Devonshire there stands, about ten miles from anywhere, a very extensive apple farm, run by an old chap named Collins, or "Daddy" Collins, as the wild children who get lost on the moors and encounter the old gentleman in his own orchard call him. The all-pervading industry is cider making, and, in the season, almost any handy-man, lighting in that stomachache foundry, may be sure of getting a job. Collins, however, is possessed of a very bad temper, never keeping his workmen long, and thus it happened, about last brewing time, that he was badly in want of assistance. Just then, as luck would have it, a cheery sort of young fellow came along, with his bundle at his back, and, having an honest English face, was taken on by the old man.

Truly, the young fellow proved invaluable. No day was too long for him; he went about his work with a light heart, humming "Champagne Charlie is my Name," which ballad had only just penetrated these parts, and yet he had hardly been there three weeks when the old man turned up at the barn one morning, and said, "Y' needn't go t' work t' day, Jaarge—knock off."

"What! 're ye goin' to shut th' shop, maister?"  
"Yes, so far as you're concerned."  
"For why? Ain't I bin givin' yer satisfaction?"  
"O, yus—leastways, s' far as yer work goes."  
"Well, then, what's th' matter?"  
"Why, I tell y', lad, you put on too many clean shirts f'r me."  
"Lor! 'Ow so be it?"  
"Yer changes yer shirts too often. You've been workin' 'ere now three weeks, an' I notice you put on a clean shirt 'bout every eight days."

"Sure-ly there beann't no 'arm in that!"  
"To some folks there moutent be, but there is to me. A fellow came along here once and changed his shirt every twelve days."

"Well—what of it?"  
"Run away an' married my daughter, that's what he done. Then there come along a chap that changed his shirt 'bout every ten days. Blowed if he didn't run away with my gold watch! Nex' come along a cove as on'y changed his shirt 'bout once a fortnit. He wasn't quite so much o' the Dong Jivarney as t'others; but, 'ang me, if he didn't 'op off with my tea-caddy I keeps the rent in—an' 'liff-en pun' ten in it. So, y' see, I finds that the oftener a man changes his shirts the worse he is; an' fearin' that you might take it inter yer 'ead to skip one night with the ole mare, or the eider-press, or somethink, I reckon you'd better git *now*, while I've got my eye on yer!"

## THE LADIES' LATEST.

[A Lady Bookmaker was lately seen at certain race meetings. She was clad in a fearful and wonderful suit of her own devising, and did a very thriving business.]



THE ladies now are taking on  
All mere man's occupa-  
tions,  
And they, in some of them  
have shone.  
Nay, even caused sensations.  
As Doctors and as Lawyers,  
too,  
They've gained important  
places:  
But note, the latest thing they  
do—  
To "make a book" at  
races!!!

Crying, "any price out-  
siders!"  
The "Field a pony!"  
"Field a pony!"  
"Choose your favourite  
'gees' and riders;"  
"Twelve to one on  
Macaroni!"  
"By this firm you'll be  
well treated!"  
"Seven to two on Sulky  
Sukey!"  
"Don't go farther and be  
cheated!"

"Gather round the Lady Bookie!"

Now, SLOPER's not a squeamish man—  
He's not a mad McDougall—  
But re this Female Bookie plan,  
Of praise he must be frugal.  
When some work's collared by the sex  
He doesn't make grimaces:  
But that sweet sex his heart doth vex  
When they "make books at races!"  
Crying, "Any price," etc.

## IT TOLD THEM ALL.

SHE was exquisitely, radiantly, sublimely, entrancingly, ravish-  
ingly, supremely, not-enough-adjectives-to-express-ably lovely, and,  
as she made her way into the fourth row of the Swellity stalls, a  
buzz of genuine eighteen carat hall marked admiration from the  
male portion of the audience effectually drowned the envious voices  
of the women, who were inquiring "who she could possibly be."

That she was not known in any of the various circles of that  
somewhat inane body commonly called Society, was soon ascer-  
tained, and at a select and solemn conclave, held in the refresh-  
ment room at the end of the first act, at which whisky and soda  
and the Beautiful Unknown were jointly discussed, it was unani-  
mously agreed that she and her irreproachably  
attired male companion must be newly imported  
and wealthy Americans. Curiously enough, at a  
similar meeting, held in the immediate  
vicinity of the Duchess of Stilton's box, the  
women had come to exactly the same con-  
clusion. Not only that, but they had even gone  
the length of quarrelling over the question of who  
should have the privilege of bringing the  
Beautiful Unknown "out."

The Countess of Pebblebeach, who carried on the extremely lucra-  
tive profession of launching wealthy nobodies upon Society, deter-  
mined not to lose an instant in finding out and calling upon the  
lovely stranger. Lady Currypower, High Priestess of a set com-  
prising all the most beautiful women in town, resolved to capture  
the new American beauty for it, or perish in the attempt; whilst  
numerous patrician dames of literary abilities and slender incomes  
resolved to augment the latter by preparing eulogistic paragraphs  
on the subject for the Society journals with which they were  
secretly connected. Except by the occupants of the cheaper parts  
of the house, the attention paid that night to the performance  
must have been dreadfully disheartening. A great and impor-  
tant event had occurred, which had shaken Society to its founda-  
tions. A new beauty had been discovered, and, before her, affairs  
of supreme national importance faded into utter insignificance.

Picture to yourself, then, reader, imagine, if you can, the horror,  
the utter consternation, which followed the appalling discovery  
made by young Archie Deadhead, whose stall was situated imme-  
diately behind that of the Fair Unknown. It was towards the end  
of the third act: the theatre had become almost unbearably hot,  
when suddenly the future beauty of the season threw back her opera  
cloak, disclosing a pair of exquisitely moulded shoulders and arms  
of dazzling whiteness. The dainty garment of silk and swansdown  
hung partly over the back of her stall, and Archie thus obtained  
an inverted view of the tablet containing the maker's name—the  
name—oh, heavens!—of SOLOMON LEVI, MILE END ROAD, E.

## GIRLS OF THE "FRIV."

No. 17.—BIRDIE MONTMORENCY.

If you seek, as a wife, sir,  
Some beautiful miss,  
Who will till all your life, sir,  
With measureless bliss,  
I will unto you give, sir,  
A wrinkle most rare:  
Go, inquire at the "Friv," sir,  
For Birdie the Fair.

She goes out with no blokes, sir,  
Her heart is quite free;  
And if her you can coax, sir,  
Your true wife to be,  
Then your choice, till you die, sir,  
I'm sure you'll not rue;  
Yet I cannot deny, sir,  
That Birdie's a shrew.

Though she's lovely and young, sir,  
In London there's not  
A more rancorous tongue, sir—  
A temper more hot.  
Yet, not caring a dem, sir,  
You'll marry that shrew  
When you learn that B. M., sir,  
Is rich as a Jew.

## SPIRITED.

"It is very convenient to have a  
little brandy in the house when one  
has the spasms," remarked Mrs. Grum-  
bleton. "Humph!" grunted Mr. Grumbleton, "you mean that  
it is very convenient to have the spasms when one has a little  
brandy in the house."

## THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

KING'S ROAD, BRIGHTON, Oct. 5th, 1891.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of the "Sloper  
Award of Merit," which you have conferred on me, and for which  
accept my very grateful thanks. I feel it is an honour ill deserved,  
but, I assure you, will be well appreciated by  
Yours very sincerely, FATTY COLEMAN, F.O.S.

## SLOPER'S VAGARIES.

No. 81.—HE NARROWLY ESCAPES GETTING TARRED AND  
FEATHERED.

A HOST of those suspicious folks  
Who deem the soundest scheme a hoax,  
And all the deeds of honest blokes  
But base and thievish tricks,  
Came round to Mildew Court, intent  
On proving that the Torn and Rent  
Philanthropist had never spent  
That thousand pounds on Hicks.

First, SLOPER's heir they chanced to spy,  
And on the theme they pumped him dry,  
And this, in brief, was his reply:  
"The Old Un's wealth are nix.  
He ain't got nairy cent to spend,  
So hanged if I kin comprehend  
As how in thunder he kid send  
A thousan' p'un' ter Hicks!"

They next set eyes on Iky Mo,  
Who, closely questioned, moaned in woe,  
"Dot SHLOPER, as you ought to know,  
Haf owed me two poundt six  
And twelfpence since last April,  
So he would nefer shpend, ontill  
He'd seddled up mine leedle bill,  
A thousand boundts on Hicks!"

Convinced by these insane replies  
That ALLY ne'er had given the prize,  
They yelled to SLOPER, "For your lies  
Prepare to get your licks,  
We'll tar and feather you, old gent,  
For having dared to represent,  
Mendaciously, that you have spent  
A thousand pounds on Hicks!"

But SLOPER, in the coal-vase lain,  
Cried, "(Hic!) your threatsh (hic!) I disdain;  
Your effortsh (hic!) will allsh be vain  
To harmsh me (hic!), my chicka!  
I've paid sha brash (hic!) like a mansh,  
An' if you're (hic!) sha ignoransh  
To doubtsh me (hic!), go fashish you cansh  
An' ax (hic!) Misher Hicks!"

Yet they'd have tarred and feathered him—  
Nay, torn his hulk from limb to limb—  
Had not his wife, with eyes grown dim,  
Sobbed, "Pray behold the fix  
Which even now my spouse is in,  
And please remember that his gin  
With rum and ale and ciderkin  
He's ever wont to mix.  
His 'hic! hic! hic!' pray hear him vent,  
And you will of your rage repent,  
And quite believe the fact that twent-  
Y times, or more, ere this, he's spent  
A thousand pounds on 'hics'."

## SOCIETY AT STRATFORD.

SOCIAL life in the leafy suburb of Stratford-atte-Bowe runs not  
always on such well oiled wheels as in those Western regions which  
to the average Stratfordite are unexplored as Mashonaland. A  
Stratford gentleman meets a friend (a light-of-other-days-that-  
faded friend) whom he hospitably, if somewhat loftily, invites to  
dinner—"one, sharp, old chap—no ceremony, take pot luck."  
Arrived at the "lodgin's"—Stratford mostly lives in "lodgin's"—  
he leaves the stranger in the sitting room, surveying with  
admiration the basket of wax flowers under a glass shade, without  
which the mansions of the *haut ton* of Stratford are considered  
comparatively empty, while he announces the progress of events to  
his good wife in the adjoining bedroom. Hearing forthwith a  
clamour of tongues, the stranger, not unnaturally, perhaps, pro-  
ceeds to decorate the keyhole with his ear.

"S-s-s-h," exclaims a hoarse voice, seemingly that of the host.  
"I shan't 's-s-s-h,'" replies a shrill female voice, *crescendo*.  
"Well, I tell you you will. If 'e wasn't in the nex' room I'd give  
you one in the jore as ud—"

"Of course yer would. An' 'ere I may stand, workin' my fingers  
to the bone to feed the likes of 'im; I wonder what pot house you  
picked 'im up at—a lazy beer swillin' good for nothink—look at  
his pore children without a bit o' boot—"

"Shut up, M'riar—I tell yer—shut up!"  
Then followed sounds of a hurried scuffle—a push—a fall—the  
slamming of a door—and your host re-enters.  
"I say, old chap, I really must apologize," he says; "but it had  
slipped my memory somehow—Mrs. G.'s out to-day, I find—gone up  
to the city, shopping—and—er—we don't dine till seven. What say  
to a crust and an onion?"

## THE SLAVERY OF DRINK.

I.  
BRAWNY and big, like a Vulcan of old,  
While the sweat down his cheeks in an avalanche rolled,  
On his anvil he hammered the weary day long,  
Yet he lightened his labours with whistle and song.  
And his face was as placid, his eyes were as bright  
As an innocent child's; for he thought, with delight,  
How he'd spend the long evening in frolic and fun  
With his wife and his child, when his day's work was done.

II.  
Brawny and big, like a Vulcan of yore,  
His employer he faithfully served as before.  
But the once erect head was in sorrow bent down,  
And the once sunny smile was a black boding frown,  
And the once merry heart to distraction was wrought,  
For he pined day by day 'neath the harrowing thought  
That a drink-soddened wife and a hunger-pinched son  
Would await him at home, when his day's work was done.

III.  
Brawny and big, like a Vulcan of yore,  
He is toiling to-day; but his hammer no more  
Will he wield with the prowess that erst he displayed,  
For his form becomes weak, by the drink demon swayed.  
Bitter thoughts of his wife, to that drink fiend a slave,  
And the child she ill-used till it sank to its grave,  
Have him crazed, till the wretch, overburdened with grief,  
From the curse of his life in that curse finds relief,  
And the gin shops, that once like the plague he would shun,  
Are his home for six hours, when each day's work is done.

## HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

BEING partial to Mr. R. L. Stevenson's delightful novels, we hope  
he'll soon give us, from Samoa, samoa of them.  
THE man who says that SLOPER has no histrionic talent is an  
unquilted slanderer. Is not ALLY famed far and wide as the  
great Public Benef Actor?

WHY is SLOPER, during his toilet, like a secret hoarder of  
money?—Because he puts his 'oof in a "stocking."

## SLOPER'S SELECT LIBRARY.

A TERRIBLE VENGEANCE.  
(A ROMANCE OF LOVE AND MONEY.)

## CHAPTER I.

A SHADY dell—a purling brook, babbling softly on the stones as  
it rushed over its rocky bed towards the river, which in turn bore  
it to the ocean.  
The trees over-  
head, meeting and  
clasping each  
other and inter-  
twining so thickly  
as almost to shut  
out the sun and  
give the glade  
below that soft  
feeling of twilight  
which suggests  
it is time to go  
home to tea.

The silence was  
broken by the  
melodious song of  
the blackbird as  
it sung a love song  
to its mate, or the  
chatter of the in-  
dustrious sparrow  
as it hopped about  
in search of the  
inevitable insect.

'Twas a lovely  
scene, and it was  
made complete by  
the presence of  
the youth and  
maiden who idly  
strolled in the  
middle distance,  
and only inter-  
rupted the old,  
old story of love by intermittent battles with the insects which  
occasionally lit on their respective noses.

They were evidently rustics, and of low degree. She was,  
undoubtedly, beautiful, with the beauty of the partially ripe  
tomato, and he had a brutality about his boots which suggested  
that he was not unacquainted with the joys and sorrows of agri-  
cultural pursuits.

"And you will love me always," she murmured.  
"For ever and ever," he sighed, with a voice like the last  
whispers of an expiring typhoon.

"You will give me a two roomed cottage and every comfort?"  
she asked, as she pensively squashed a too impertinent fly which  
had lit on the back of her hand.

"You shall  
want for nothing,  
if it can be earned  
by these brawny  
arms," replied the  
youth.

"Ah, George, I  
do love you, and  
will be ever  
yours."

"My own!"  
"Yum."  
"Yum."

"Meet me at  
the back of the  
eastmost haystack  
to-morrow night,  
and I'll be there."  
"Will the dog  
be tied up?"  
"It will."  
"My ownest  
own!"

And, with one  
fond embrace, the  
young man darted  
nimble along the  
pathway, and dis-  
appeared from  
view at the o.p.  
side, while the  
maiden meandered

down the shady dell smacking her lips as she allowed her thoughts  
to linger on the exquisite sweetness of the immediate past few  
minutes.

Hardly had she disappeared from view, ere from the shade of a  
tree stepped forth a brawny individual. He scowled fiercely in the  
direction the young man had gone, but his frown softened as he  
looked downwards towards the part where the faint flicker of  
yellow calico still suggested the presence of the youthful fat and  
fair one.

"So, ho!" he muttered as he removed his hat and wiped his  
forehead, "my plans are to be wrecked and my path crossed by  
you, are they? 'Yum, yum—my ownest own'—bah! Babies, they  
know not what it is to brave me. She shall be mine!" And he  
flung himself down  
on a mossy bank and  
seemed wrapped in  
thought. For a few  
moments he lay thus  
prone, and then, with  
a sudden start, he  
leaped to his feet  
with a wild "Ha!"

The onlooker would  
have rushed to the  
conclusion that he  
had solved the diffi-  
culty which troubled  
his mind, but the on-  
looker would have  
been wrong. The dif-  
ficulty had only been  
complicated. Wildly  
he stooped down and  
grabbed the bottom  
of the sleeve of his  
trousers, and madly  
he shook them. His  
eyes flicked with tears,  
and at length he  
rushed wildly into a  
more secluded part  
of the glen, where  
alike the light of the  
sun and the human  
vision could hardly  
penetrate. Here he  
began a wild search  
for the cause of his emotion. Even absence from the madding  
throng has its disadvantages.

He had sat down on a colony of ants.  
(To be continued next week.)



"George, I do love you!"



"Yum, yum!"



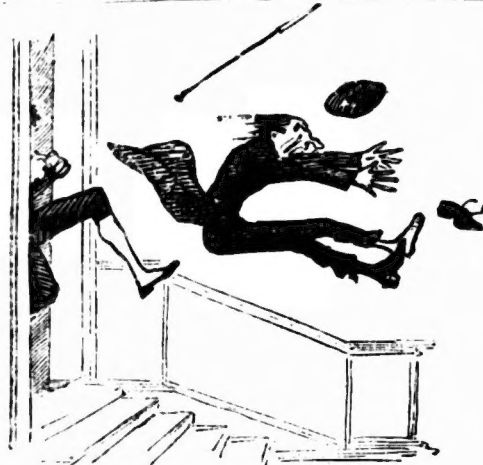
Scowled furiously.

## THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



No. 225.—MR RIDER HAGGARD, F.O.S.

"The gentleman whose highly intelligent features our artist has depicted above, is a living testimony to the old and oft quoted saying, 'That it is better to be born lucky than rich.' Being left totally unprovided for by his parents, he early determined to make a name for himself in the field of literature, and as a first step towards the attainment of that desirable end, wrote a blood-curdling story for boys, in which pirates, cut-throats, and all sorts of villainous characters were introduced. The story was promptly refused by the publisher, and he was told to go and get another story. But, nothing daunted, Rider dispatched it to another editor, only to receive it back again, looking rather the worse for wear. Again and again did this persevering aspirant for literary honours repeat his performance, until he came to the end of his list of 'penny dreadfuls,' but always with the same want of success. This, however, did not prevent our hero from writing half a dozen more tales of similar character, all of which, however, were treated with editorial contempt. In redrafting a particularly impossible one to the editor of *The Hornet*, *How Stiffener*, he, entirely by mistake, addressed it to a wealthy and well-known publisher of works of fiction, who, without hesitation, accepted and produced it. Emanating from such a source, the public, like the publisher, failed to take the work for what the author intended it; and, after a little discussion, it was pronounced eminently *fin de siècle* and unconventional, and eventually went into a hitherto unheard of number of editions, and our hero thus obtained the fame and fortune he desired. Chiefly because he is a brilliant novelist, he was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him August 14th, 1887." *Belmont Improved.*



The nearly post-mortem according to Captain Stoneybroke.



Mr. Kerchibum, Say, Saffley, ole chap, that dorg o' yours looks like a lion. He ain't vicious, is he? Saffley, Never fear, Kerby, ole boy; he wouldn't hurt a worm.



GOAL. HURRAH!

## AT AN "AT HOME."



First Fair One (the singer is the subject of their conversation). I say that he does take lozenges for his voice.

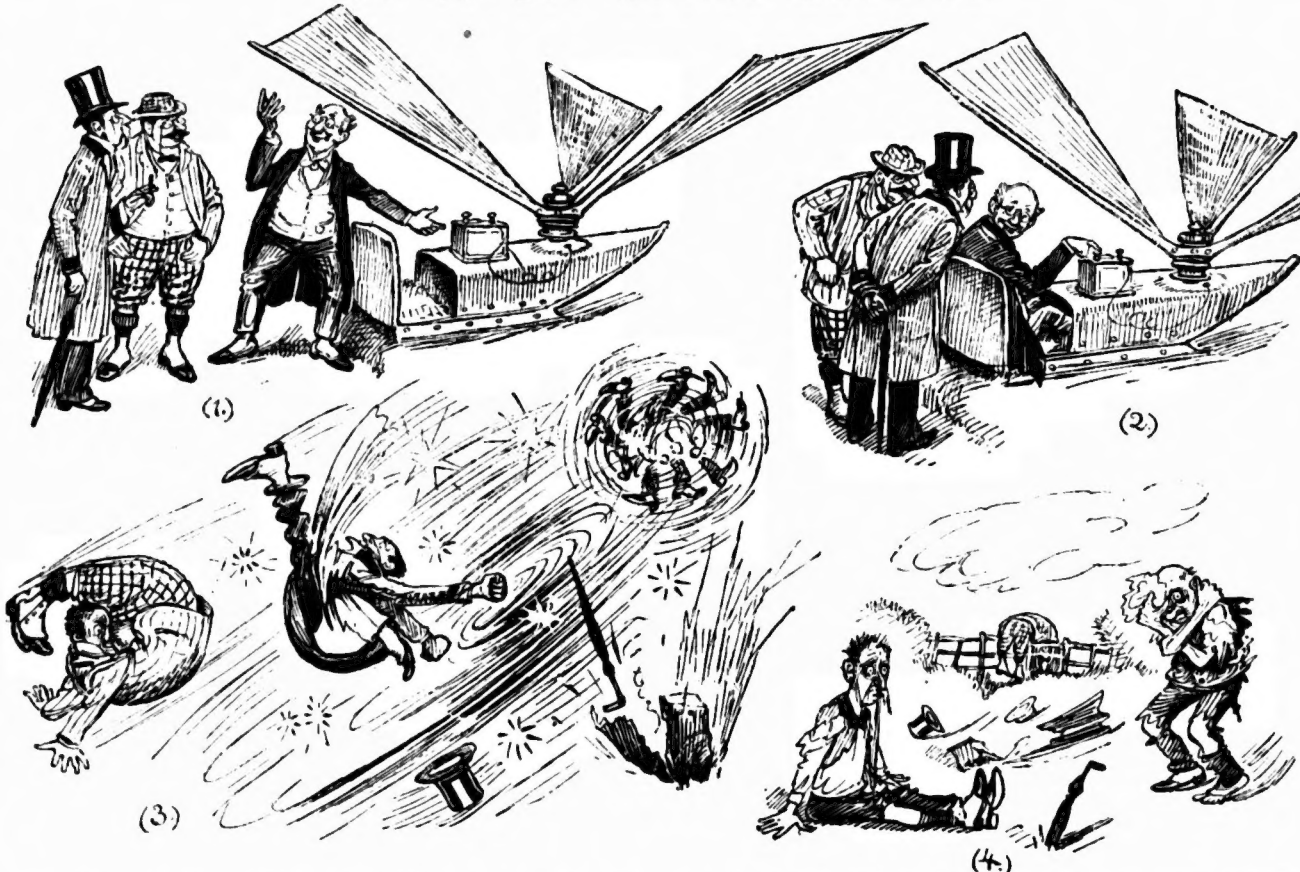
Second Fair One. And I know for a fact that he does not.

First Fair One (scornfully). You know for a fact? Perhaps you would not mind informing me how you know?

Second Fair One (divorced). Certainly. He was once my husband.

First Fair One (triumphantly). Indeed! Well, he is my husband.

## THE LATEST AERIAL MACHINE.



(1). Professor Cranley (to admiring friends). "There you are! Talk about Maxim's flying machine. I tell you, it's got to take a back seat when I take a trip on my 'Lightning Star-tripper,' and don't you forget it!" (2). "Safe and easy, you see. A child can work it. Stored with electricity. When I wish to cleave the blue empyrean and beat 'mid world's than ours, I simply touch this button—the

wires are connected—and away I go—see?" (3). "Great howling sunstrokes! Fire and flames!! Creation's split to atoms!!!" (4). Professor Cranley (when the storm was over). "You fellows'll have to excuse me. 'Fraid I pressed the wrong button. Precious nearly had an accident, eh? But never mind, don't be disheartened, better luck next time."

## DANCING GIRLS.



No. 17. The girl who always wants to be taken back to mamma.

## GAS-TRONOMIC EFFECTS OF THE "COOLED" WEATHER.



"Ain't master got a appetite! He's had two rashers of bacon, four eggs an' a pot of hanchovy paste for breakfast, an' now he says he's goin' to 'eat the conservatory.'"

## CLEAR ON THE FACE OF IT.



"Why don't the men propose, mamma? Why don't the men propose?"